

I've Got a Teacher, She's So Mean

by Barry Louis Polisar

I've got a teacher, she's so mean,
She never laughs, she always screams,
She says, "Pay attention and do what I said,"
But if you ask me, she's crazy in the head.
She makes me nervous, she makes me squirm,
She says, "All teachers must be firm."

She always calls on me when I don't raise my hand,
So I answer her in ways that she can't understand.
She says, "What is the answer to number two?"
I say, "Ock nock ditty wok, dickie pickie poo."
She says, "Don't be funny, you'd better get it right."
I say, "Shimmie, Gimmie Galla Gillie, tacky ticky tite."

She never lets us laugh, she never lets us smile,
"Wipe that grin off your face, you're acting just like a child."
It's, "work, work, work--no late papers today."
She's tired of excuses and yells at us all day.
She doesn't like children, she doesn't like kids,
Likes only regulations and you know I never did.

I never see her laughing, she's so strict,
She never believes me when I say I'm feeling sick.
She doesn't think it's funny when I fall off my chair,
And everybody knows that she's really unfair.
She can't understand me and I've got it made;
But I know she really loves me 'cause I'm still in first grade.